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# THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN

CONDENSED FROM

MOTLEY'S "THE RISE OF THE  
DUTCH REPUBLIC"

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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WITH NINETEEN ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD DUTCH  
PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS, AND A MAP

BOSTON, U.S.A.

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS

1900



THE RELIEF FLEET DASHING THROUGH THE LAND DIVIDER.  
From an old Dutch print.



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# THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

(INTRODUCTORY.)

THE story of the siege of Leyden belongs not to the Dutch only, but to the world's history of freedom. No other city on the continent of Europe is so closely connected with American history.

After the siege of Leyden had been raised, the Dutch patriots were so encouraged that they were soon able to form that union of seven states which gave our fathers so inspiring a precedent. It was no less a personage than Benjamin Franklin that wrote, "In love of liberty and bravery in the defence of it, she (Holland) has been our great example."

The long war which the Netherlands waged with Spain for freedom and independence lasted eighty years, from 1572 to 1648. It was a struggle of the new forces which were to make modern civilization and a new world, against the old repression of the middle ages. Then brave little Holland led the van. A small country, consisting chiefly of swamp and sand, with only here and there patches of hard land, making in all not over six thousand square miles, on which lived only about eight hundred thousand people, was pitted against mighty Spain, then the richest and strongest country in the world, with the finest army in Europe to do King Philip's bidding, and with the gold and silver mines of America to keep his treasury full. It seemed like a shepherd boy with a sling and stones, going out to fight Goliath.

At first the Dutch had no regular army raised on their own soil. They depended, much more than the Spaniards, upon

mercenaries or hired soldiers. Theirs were raised in Germany, France, and Great Britain. They could not do much fighting on land, for their raw militia could not stand against the disciplined veterans of Spain and Italy. Yet, in their own boats on lake and river, and on their ships at sea, they were invincible. Nearly all the battles on shore were sieges. The fortified places were walled cities, such as Rotterdam, Delft, Leyden, Haarlem, and Alkmaar. At Mook, was almost the only pitched battle which the Dutch fought, until their republican army won at Nieuport, July 2, 1600. Between the Spaniards victorious in the field, and the Dutch triumphant on deck, this war was as curious as it was amphibious.

After the conflicts at Heiligerlee, Brill, Rotterdam, Haarlem, and Alkmaar, the Spanish army under Don Frederick, son of the Duke of Alva, settled down during the winter of 1573-1574, to besiege Leyden. This very old city, one of the most important in the Netherlands, famous for its rich cloth factories, had been among the first to raise the flag of Orange in 1572. It was built on hard land and protected against the possible inroads of both river and sea floods by great dykes, the Land-divider, the Green Way, and the Church Way. For Leyden to be captured by the Spaniards would have meant almost hopeless ruin to the cause of liberty, for the city was right in the heart of Holland.

To relieve the situation, three of the brothers of William the Silent, John, Louis, and Henry, raised an army of mercenaries in Germany. Marching into the province of Limburg, they hoped to capture the city of Maastricht, turn northward, join the forces of their brother, William of Orange, deliver Leyden, and drive out the Spaniards. Yet it seemed fated that the Dutch must be beaten in every land battle. On the 14th of April, 1574, on the heath of Mook, the Orange princes Louis and Henry lost their lives, and the patriot army was annihilated. The Spaniards then returned with redoubled vigor to Leyden. They surrounded the city with their armies and,

garrisoning a chain of over sixty forts, pressed the siege with science, vigilance, and valor.

How the work of war went on without, while famine and pestilence raged within, and how the city was relieved by cutting the dykes and making the ocean fight for the Dutch, drowning the land and driving out the Spaniards, is told in Motley's brilliant pages. To his famous chapter, we have added some notes, in order that every American boy may learn how the salt water of the sea, and the patriotic valor of the Dutch, drove off the forces of tyranny, and made Leyden a beacon light in the history of liberty.

After the siege, Leyden is directly connected with American history. In 1610, the Pilgrim fathers and mothers and children, founders of Massachusetts and beginners of New England, came to this "fair city of a beautiful situation," as Bradford calls it, to live within its bounds eleven years, finding an asylum and a home from persecution in England. The Pilgrim boys, who afterward were the men of the *Mayflower*, were here fed with true stories of heroism. They saw in the City Hall, or "State House," the stuffed carrier pigeons that had brought messages during the siege, and the Spanish cooking pot which the Spaniards, so hurriedly in their retreat, left full of smoking hotch-potch. Here, with the Dutch, they celebrated the city's Thanksgiving Day of October 3d. Here they were reënforced in their ideas of liberty, both under the Leyden city republic and the national federal republic of the Dutch United States, formed in 1579 by the Union of Utrecht. This had a written constitution, the red, white, and blue flag, issued a Declaration of Independence in July, 1581, and was founded on common school education.

Here, too, and just at the very time when the Pilgrims lived in Leyden, was fought out, sometimes indeed with fortifications, armed men, and bloodshed, but in the main with argument and debate, though with military force too, the conflict between State Sovereignty and National Supremacy, Barneveldt

being the Calhoun, and Maurice the Union general, as William had been the Lincoln, of the Dutch United States. The victory of the Federalists prevented Secession, secured permanent union, and led to the colonization of the New Netherland, or the region of the Middle States in our own country.



THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.

From a Photograph.

Leyden University, given to the city as a reward for the valor of the Leydenese, and long without a superior in Europe, became one of the great shining lights of learning in Europe. After Anglican Universities had been closed to the nation at large, admitting the adherents of one church only, English-speaking Non-Conformists, doctors, lawyers, and ministers, including four of the Pilgrim company, and not a few Americans, two among them being the sons of our envoy, John Adams,

were educated in Leyden, to the number of nearly six thousand. With the Leyden jar, invented here, Dr. Franklin, our first American electrician, found his way to the discovery of the lightning rod.

Professor John Luzac, the friend and correspondent of Adams, Franklin, and our Revolutionary fathers, and one of the university faculty, published during our war for freedom, in his periodical, authentic news of the Revolution and John Adams's addresses, which were read all over Europe. In Leyden was generated much of that sentiment of sympathy with the United States of America, which moved the people of the Dutch Republic to send us army officers and naval captains, and finally, in 1780, to declare war against Great Britain, to become our ally, and to lend us fourteen million dollars of hard money. When the *Serapis* was brought as a prize into Dutch waters, the streets of Leyden resounded with the song "Hier kommt Paul Jones Aan."

After 1807, where Luzac's house stood there was for many years a ruin, caused by the explosion of gunpowder on a ship in the canal, by which Luzac was killed. It was long used as a drill ground, but since 1884 it has been laid out as a delightful park where golden-haired and blue-eyed children play. Above the flower beds, on which I read in 1898, in living bloom, "Honor to Queen Wilhelmina," rises a superb statue of the brave Burgomaster Van der Werff. He it was who, in 1574, refused to surrender to the Spaniards, declaring with his men that they would eat their left hands while fighting with their right, rather than yield. Four bas-reliefs on the granite pedestal represent finely the scenes of battle, relief, worship, and joy, so grandly pictured in words by our countryman, John Lothrop Motley, once a Boston boy.

Motley lived for a time on Park Street, opposite the Common, but long in the Netherlands. His heart ever thrilled with patriotic American pride. He sympathized with that struggle of the Dutchmen for liberty which made the English Common-

wealth and the American Republic possible. He showed us why the study of Dutch history is so important.

To-day the American tourist can visit the University and its grounds, and the Burg, or castle, or "Tower of Hengist," in the



STATUE OF VAN DER WERFF. BAS-RELIEF — BATTLE AT THE CAUSEWAY.  
From a Photograph.

centre of the city, whence the besieged could look out over the country, watching the enemy's camps, the carrier pigeons bringing in news, and the coming fleet of rescue. This "tower," as old as the prehistoric Kelts as well as the Teutons and the Romans, rises near St. Pancras Church, where the Burgomaster cheered the famishing. He may stand near the water gate, which the relief boats reached, the sailors throwing up

loaves and herring to the starving. He can see the house in the Clock Alley, marked by a stone tablet, where the Pilgrims and John Robinson and Elder Brewster and Governor William Bradford lived or worshipped, the site of the Commandery, at which Miles Standish doubtless often came on military business ; the little street, or Choir Alley, where Brewster kept going his printing press, issuing books which so annoyed King James of England ; the great bronze tablet on St. Peter's Church, in which Robinson was buried, showing the *Mayflower* and telling of New England ; the old City Hall, up the steps of which the blushing maidens and lovers who became the makers of Massachusetts climbed to get their marriage certificates ; the Municipal Museum, where relics of the siege, including the captured Spanish flags, are kept ; the canal along which the Pilgrim company began the voyage to Cape Cod ; and, finally, the fire-proof building on the quay, named after Admiral Boisot, on the shelves of which are more records of Pilgrim names and of their doings than can be found in all Great Britain.

At Delfshaven, where the dykes were cut to relieve Leyden, he sees the place of the *Speedwell's* anchorage and Pilgrims' departure, and looks over to Pilgrim Quay on the river island. Visiting Mook church, he may find a new and noble monument in honor of the two Nassau princes whose generous blood was poured out for law and freedom. In Delft, the American can visit or worship in the Great Church in which William the Silent sat on the Sunday morning when in his pew he received the news of the rescue of Leyden, and where, after he, like our Lincoln, had been assassinated, his dust lies ; and in which also, on the 4th of July, 1899, by the order of the government of the United States, the American delegation to the Peace Conference at The Hague laid a wreath of silver leaves on the grave of Hugo Grotius, the father of International Law.

It is no wonder that John Adams in 1780 wrote, "The Originals of the two republics are so much alike that the history of one seems but the transcript of that of the other. . . ."



SITE OF JOHN ROBINSON'S HOUSE IN BELL ALLEY.  
From a Photograph.

The oldest street in New England, at Plymouth, and several towns and churches in the United States, are named after Leyden, the city of the brave siege. Of this Motley has written so eloquently and his narrative here reprinted is illustrated from old Dutch prints and photographs.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

ITHACA, N.Y.



LEYDEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

From an Old Print.



## CHAPTER I.

### EVENTS LEADING TO THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

*From the invasion of the Netherlands by a Spanish army, led by the Duke of Alva, in 1567, until the resignation of this officer and his return to Spain, seven years had passed. Alva's successor was Don Louis de Requesens, Grand Commander of Castile and late Governor of Milan. One of his first measures on assuming his new duties in the Netherlands in 1573, was to make inquiry into the finances. He knew only too well that advantages gained by the victories of unpaid soldiers were quickly lost by mutinies.*

THE rebellion had already been an expensive matter to the Crown. The army in the Netherlands numbered more than sixty-two thousand men, eight thousand being Spaniards, the rest Walloons and Germans. It seemed probable that it would require nearly the whole annual produce of the American mines to sustain the war. The transatlantic gold and silver, disinterred from the depths where they had been buried for ages, were employed, not to expand the current of a healthy, life-giving commerce, but to be melted into blood. The sweat and the tortures of the King's pagan subjects in the primeval forests of the New World were made subsidiary to the extermination of his Netherland people, and the destruction of an ancient civilization. To this end had Columbus discovered a hemisphere for Castile and Aragon, and the new Indies revealed their hidden treasures?

*Walloons: Belgian Netherlanders.*

Forty millions of ducats had been spent. Six and a half millions of arrearages were due to the army, while its current expenses were six hundred thousand a month. The military expenses alone of the Netherlands were accordingly more than seven millions of dollars yearly, and the mines of the New World produced, during the half century of Philip's reign, an average of only eleven. Against this constantly increasing deficit, there was not a stiver in the exchequer, nor the means of raising one. Confiscation had ceased to afford a permanent revenue, and the estates obstinately refused to grant a dollar. Such was the condition to which the unrelenting tyranny and the financial experiments of Alva had reduced the country.

In the embarrassed condition of affairs, and while waiting for further supplies, the Commander was secretly disposed to try the effect of a pardon. The object was to deceive the people and to gain time; for there was no intention of conceding liberty of conscience, of withdrawing foreign troops, or of assembling the states-general. It was, however, not possible to apply these hypocritical measures of conciliation immediately. The war was in full career and could not be arrested even in that wintry season. The patriots held Mondragon closely besieged in Middelburg, the last point in the Isle of Walcheren which held for the

*A ducat* contained 3.42 grammes of fine gold, and was worth about \$2.30, or in present value \$10.

*Stiver* : Two Dutch cents, the twentieth part of a guilder.

*Estates* : The provincial legislature.

*Alva* : See note 1.

*Isle of Walcheren* : The southwestern and most important of the islands of Zealand, containing the two cities, Flushing and Middelburg, and commanding the navigation of the Scheldt River. See map.

King. There was a considerable treasure in money and merchandise shut up in that city; and, moreover, so deserving and distinguished an officer as Mondragon could not be abandoned to his fate. At the same time, famine was pressing him sorely, and, by the end of the year, garrison and townspeople had nothing but rats, mice, dogs, cats, and such repulsive substitutes for food, to support life withal. It was necessary to take immediate measures to relieve the place.

On the other hand, the situation of the patriots was not very encouraging. Their superiority on the sea was unquestionable, for the Hollanders and Zealanders were the best sailors in the world, and they asked of their country no payment for their blood but thanks. The land forces, however, were usually mercenaries, who are apt to mutiny at the commencement of an action if, as was too often the case, their wages could not be paid. Holland was entirely cut in twain by the loss of Haarlem and the leaguer of Leyden, no communication between the dis severed portions being possible, except with difficulty and danger. The estates, although they had done much for the cause, and were prepared to do much more, were too apt to wrangle about economical details. They irritated the Prince of Orange by huckstering about subsidies to a degree which his proud and generous nature could hardly brook. He had strong hopes from France. Louis of Nassau had held secret interviews with the Duke of Alençon and the Duke of Anjou, now King of Poland, at Blamont. Alençon had assured him secretly, affectionately, and warmly that he would be as sincere a friend to the cause as were his two royal brothers. The Count had even received

*The Prince of Orange: See note 2.*

one hundred thousand livres in hand, as an earnest of the favorable intentions of France, and was now busily engaged, at the instance of the Prince, in levying an army in Germany for the relief of Leyden and the rest of Holland, while William, on his part, was omitting nothing, whether by representations to the estates or by secret foreign missions and correspondence, to further the cause of the suffering country.

The most pressing matter, upon the Great Commander's arrival, was obviously to relieve the city of Middelburg. Mondragon would soon be obliged to capitulate, unless he should promptly receive supplies. Requesens, accordingly, collected seventy-five ships at Bergen op Zoom, but it was not the intention of the Prince of Orange to allow this expedition to save the city. The Spanish generals, however valiant, were to learn that their genius was not amphibious, and that the Beggars of the Sea were still invincible on their own element, even if their brethren of the land had occasionally quailed.

Admiral Boisot's fleet had moved up the Scheldt and taken a position nearly opposite to Bergen op Zoom. On

*Livre*: An old French coin, worth a franc, or nearly twenty cents, or in the value of to-day, about eighty cents, money being worth about four times more then than now.

*Mondragon*: See note 3.

*Bergen op Zoom*: There are twelve other places in the Netherlands called Bergen, but Bergen op Zoom at the western edge of North Brabant, facing Zealand and the waterways into the country, is "the key to Holland."

*Beggars of the Sea*: See note 10.

*Admiral Boisot* was one of the first and greatest of the commanders of the Holland navy, losing an eye in this battle of January, 1574, winning again at Antwerp, and leading the fleet that relieved Leyden.

the 20th of January the Prince of Orange, embarking from Zierikzee, came to make them a visit before the



WILLIAM OF ORANGE.  
After the Delft Portrait.

impending action. His galley, conspicuous for its elegant decorations, was exposed for some time to the

artillery of the fort, but providentially escaped unharmed. He assembled all the officers of his armada, and, in brief but eloquent language, reminded them how necessary it was to the salvation of the whole country that they should prevent the city of Middelburg — the key to the whole of Zealand, already upon the point of falling into the hands of the patriots — from being now wrested from their grasp. On the sea, at least, the Hollanders and Zealanders were at home. The officers and men, with one accord, rent the air with their cheers. They swore that they would shed every drop of blood in their veins, but they would sustain the Prince and the country; and they solemnly vowed not only to serve, if necessary, without wages, but to sacrifice all that they possessed in the world rather than abandon the cause of their fatherland. Having by his presence and his language aroused their valor to so high a pitch of enthusiasm, the Prince departed for Delft, to make arrangements to drive the Spaniards from the siege of Leyden.

On the 29th of January, the fleet of Romero sailed from Bergen, disposed in three divisions, each numbering twenty-five vessels of different sizes.

It was, however, obvious from the beginning that the Spanish fleet were not likely to achieve that triumph over the patriots which was necessary before they could relieve Middelburg. After fifteen ships had been taken and twelve hundred royalists slain, the remainder of the enemy's fleet retreated into Bergen.

Romero, whose ship had grounded, sprang out of a port-hole and swam ashore, followed by such of his men as were able to imitate him. He landed at the very feet of the Grand Commander, who, wet and cold, had been standing all day upon the dyke of Schakerloo, in

the midst of a pouring rain, only to witness the total defeat of his armada at last. "I told your Excellency," said Romero, coolly, as he climbed, all dripping, on the bank, "that I was a land-fighter and not a sailor. If you were to give me the command of a hundred fleets, I believe that none of them would fare better than this has done." The Governor and his discomfited but philosophical lieutenant, then returned to Bergen, and thence to Brussels, acknowledging that the city of Middelburg must fall, while Sancho d'Avila, hearing of the disaster which had befallen his countrymen, brought his fleet, with the greatest expedition, back to Antwerp. Thus the gallant Mondragon was abandoned to his fate.

That fate could no longer be protracted. The city of Middelburg had reached and passed the starvation point. Still Mondragon was determined not to yield at discretion, although very willing to capitulate.

The Prince of Orange granted honorable conditions, which on the 18th of February were drawn up in five articles, and signed. It was agreed that Mondragon and his troops should leave the place, with their arms, ammunition, and all their personal property. The citizens who remained were to take oath of fidelity to the Prince, as stadholder for his Majesty, and were to pay besides a subsidy of three hundred thousand florins.

A few days afterward, the Prince entered the city, reorganized the magistracy, received the allegiance of the inhabitants, restored the ancient constitution, and liberally remitted two-thirds of the sum in which they had been mulcted.

The Spaniards had thus been successfully driven from the Isle of Walcheren, leaving the Hollanders and

Zealanders masters of the sea-coast. Since the siege of Alkmaar had been raised, however, the enemy had remained within the territory of Holland. Leyden was closely invested, the country in a desperate condition, and all communication between its different cities nearly suspended. It was comparatively easy for the Prince of Orange to equip and man his fleets. The genius and habits of the people made them at home upon the water, and inspired them with a feeling of superiority to their adversaries. It was not so upon land. Strong to resist, patient to suffer, the Hollanders, although terrible in defence, had not the necessary discipline or experience to meet the veteran legions of Spain, with confidence, in the open field. To raise the siege of Leyden, the main reliance of the Prince was upon Count Louis, who was again in Germany. In the latter days of Alva's administration, William had written to his brothers, urging them speedily to arrange the details of a campaign, of which he forwarded them a sketch. As soon as a sufficient force had been levied in Germany, an attempt was to be made upon Maastricht. If that failed, Louis was to cross the Maas, in the neighborhood of Stochem, make his way toward the Prince's own city of Gertruidenberg, and thence make a junction with his brother in the neighborhood of Delft. They were then to take up a position together between Haarlem and Leyden. In that case it seemed probable that the Spaniards would find themselves obliged to fight at a great disadvantage, or to abandon the country.

In pursuance of this plan, Louis had been actively engaged all the earlier part of the winter in levying troops and raising supplies in those ever swarming nurseries of mercenary warriors, the smaller German

states. With these three thousand cavalry and six thousand foot, toward the end of February, Louis crossed the Rhine in a heavy snowstorm, and bent his course toward Maastricht. All the three brothers of the Prince accompanied this little army, besides Duke Christopher, son of the Elector Palatine.

Before the end of the month the army reached the Maas, and encamped within four miles of Maastricht, on the opposite side of the river. The garrison, commanded by Montesdoca, was weak, but the news of the warlike preparations in Germany had preceded the arrival of Count Louis. Requesens, feeling the gravity of the occasion, had issued orders for an immediate levy of eight thousand cavalry in Germany, with a proportionate number of infantry. At the same time he had directed Don Bernardino de Mendoza, with some companies of cavalry, then stationed in Breda, to throw himself without delay into Maastricht. Don Sancho d'Avila was intrusted with the general care of resisting the hostile expedition. That general had forthwith collected all the troops which could be spared from every town where they were stationed, had strengthened the cities of Antwerp, Ghent, Nimwegen, and Valenciennes, where there were known to be many secret adherents of Orange; and with the remainder of his forces had put himself in motion to oppose the entrance of Louis into Brabant and his junction with his brother in Holland. Braccamonte had been despatched to Leyden, in order instantly to draw off the forces which were besieging the city. Thus Louis had already effected something of importance by the very news of his approach.

Meantime the Prince of Orange had raised six thou-

sand infantry, whose rendezvous was the Isle of Bommel. He was disappointed at the paucity of the troops which Louis had been able to collect, but he sent messengers immediately to him, with a statement of his own condition, and with directions to join him in the Isle of Bommel, as soon as Maastricht should be reduced. It was, however, not in the destiny of Louis to reduce Maastricht. When he encamped, opposite the city, he found the river neither frozen nor open, the ice obstructing the navigation, but being too weak for the weight of an army.

On the 8th of April, he took his course along the right bank of the Maas, between that river and the Rhine, in the direction of Nimwegen. Avila promptly decided to follow him, upon the opposite bank of the Maas, intending to throw himself between Louis and the Prince of Orange, and by a rapid march to give the Count battle, before he could join his brother. On the 13th, Louis encamped at the village of Mook on the Maas, near the confines of Cleves. Sending out his scouts, he learned, to his vexation, that the enemy had outmarched him, and were now within cannon-shot. On the 14th, Avila had constructed a bridge of boats, over which he had effected the passage of the Maas with his whole army, so that on the Count's arrival at Mook, he found the enemy facing him, on the same side of the river, and directly in his path. It was, therefore, obvious that, in this narrow space between the Waal and the Maas, where they were now all assembled, Louis must achieve a victory, unaided, or abandon his expedition, and leave the

*Mook* : I visited the desolate heath of Mook in 1895. The date given in Baedeker's "Guide Book," March 15, 1574, is incorrect, a month too early.

Hollanders to despair. Thrust, as he was, like a wedge into the very heart of a hostile country, he was obliged to force his way through, or to remain in his enemy's power. Moreover, and worst of all, his troops were in a state of mutiny for their wages. While he talked to them of honor, they howled to him for money. It was the custom of these mercenaries to mutiny on the eve of battle — of the Spaniards, after it had been fought. By the one course, a victory was often lost which might have been achieved; by the other, when won, it was rendered fruitless.

Avila had chosen his place of battle with great skill. On the right bank of the Maas, upon a narrow plain which spread from the river to a chain of hills within cannon-shot on the north, lay the little village of Mook. The Spanish general knew that his adversary had the superiority in cavalry, and that within this compressed space it would not be possible to derive much advantage from the circumstance.

On the 14th, both armies were drawn up in battle array at earliest dawn, Louis having strengthened his position by a deep trench, which extended from Mook, where he had stationed ten companies of infantry, which thus rested on the village and the river. Next came the bulk of his infantry, disposed in a single square. On their right was his cavalry, arranged in four squadrons, as well as the narrow limits of the field would allow. A small portion of them, for want of space, were stationed on the hillside.

Opposite, the forces of Don Sancho were drawn up in somewhat similar fashion. Twenty-five companies of Spaniards were disposed in four bodies of pikemen

*Pikemen and musketeers:* See note 4.

and musketeers, their right resting on the river. On their left was the cavalry, disposed by Mendoza in the form of a half-moon — the horns garnished by two small bodies of sharpshooters. In the front ranks of the cavalry were the mounted carabineers of Schenk ; behind were the Spanish lancers. The village of Mook lay between the two armies.

The skirmishing began at early dawn, with an attack upon the trench, and continued some hours, without bringing on a general engagement. Toward ten o'clock, Count Louis became impatient. All the trumpets of the patriots now rang out a challenge to their adversaries, and the Spaniards were just returning the defiance and preparing a general onset, when the Seigneur de Hierges and Baron Chevreux arrived on the field. They brought with them a reënforcement of more than a thousand men, and the intelligence that Valdez was on his way with nearly five thousand more.

The skirmishing at the trench was renewed with redoubled vigor, an additional force being sent against it. After a short and fierce struggle it was carried, and the Spaniards rushed into the village, but were soon dislodged by a larger detachment of infantry, which Count Louis sent to the rescue. The battle now became general at this point.

Nearly all the patriot infantry were employed to defend the post ; nearly all the Spanish infantry were ordered to assail it. The Spaniards, dropping on their knees, according to custom said a Paternoster and an Ave Mary, and then rushed, in mass, to the attack. After a short but sharp conflict, the trench was again

*Paternoster* : The first words of the Lord's Prayer in Latin.

*Ave Maria* : Hail Mary !

carried, and the patriots completely routed. Upon this, Count Louis charged with all his cavalry upon the enemy's horse, which had hitherto remained motionless. With the first shock the mounted arquebusiers of Schenk, constituting the vanguard, were broken, and fled in all directions. So great was their panic, as Louis drove them before him, that they never stopped till they had swum or been drowned in the river. The patriot cavalry, mostly carabineers, wheeled after the first discharge, and retired to reload their pieces, but before they were ready for another attack, the Spanish lancers and the German black troopers, who had all remained firm, set upon them with great spirit. A fierce, bloody, and confused action succeeded, in which the patriots were completely overthrown.

Count Louis, finding that the day was lost, and his army cut to pieces, rallied around him a little band of troopers, among whom were his brother, Count Henry, and Duke Christopher, and together they made a final and desperate charge. It was the last that was ever seen of them on earth. They all went down together, in the midst of the fight, and were never heard of more. The battle terminated, as usual in those conflicts of mutual hatred, in a horrible butchery, hardly any of the patriot army being left to tell the tale of their disaster. At least four thousand were killed, including those who were slain on the field, those who were suffocated in the marshes or the river, and those who were burned in the farmhouses where they had taken refuge. It was uncertain which of those various modes of death

*Arquebusiers*: The arquebus was shorter, lighter, and older in form than the musket, and used chiefly by cavalry. The carabine was still shorter and lighter.

had been the lot of Count Louis, his brother, and his friend. The mystery was never solved. They had, probably, all died on the field; but, stripped of their clothing, with their faces trampled upon by the hoofs of horses, it was not possible to distinguish them from the less illustrious dead.

Thus perished Louis of Nassau in the flower of his manhood, in the midst of a career already crowded with events such as might suffice for a century of ordinary existence. It is difficult to find in history a more frank and loyal character. His life was noble; the elements of the heroic and the genial so mixed in him that the imagination contemplates him, after three centuries, with an almost affectionate interest. He was not a great man. He was far from possessing the subtle genius or the expansive views of his brother; but, called as he was to play a prominent part in one of the most complicated and imposing dramas ever enacted by man, he, nevertheless, always acquitted himself with honor. His direct, fearless, and energetic nature commanded alike the respect of friend and foe. As a politician, a soldier, and a diplomatist, he was busy, bold, and true. He accomplished by sincerity what many thought could only be compassed by trickery. Dealing often with the most adroit and most treacherous of princes and statesmen, he frequently carried his point, and he never stooped to flattery. From the time when, attended by his "twelve disciples," he assumed the most prominent part in the negotiations with Margaret of Parma, through all the various scenes of the revolution, through all the conferences with Spaniards, Italians, Huguenots, malcontents, Flemish councillors, or German princes, he was the consistent and unflinching supporter of religious

liberty and constitutional law. The battle of Heiliger Lee and the capture of Mons were his most signal triumphs, but the fruits of both were annihilated by subsequent disaster. His headlong courage was his chief-foible. The French accused him of losing the battle



MONUMENT AT HEILIGER LEE. BATAVIAN LION — CÔUNT ADOLPH.  
From a Photograph.

of Moncontour by his impatience to engage; yet they acknowledged that to his masterly conduct it was owing that their retreat was effected in so successful and even so brilliant a manner. He was censured for rashness and precipitancy in this last and fatal enterprise, but the reproach seems entirely without foundation. The

*Heiliger Lee*: See note 7.

expedition, as already stated, had been deliberately arranged, with the full coöperation of his brother, and had been preparing several months. That he was able to set no larger force on foot than that which he led into Gueldres was not his fault. But for the floating ice which barred his passage of the Maas, he would have surprised Maastricht; but for the mutiny, which rendered his mercenary soldiers cowards, he might have defeated Avila at Mookerheyde. Had he done so he would have joined his brother in the Isle of Bommel in triumph; the Spaniards would, probably, have been expelled from Holland, and Leyden saved the horrors of that memorable siege which she was soon called upon to endure. These results were not in his destiny. Providence had decreed that he should perish in the midst of his usefulness; that the Prince, in his death, should lose the right hand which had been so swift to execute his various plans and the faithful fraternal heart which had always responded so readily to every throb of his own.

In figure, he was below the middle height, but martial and noble in his bearing. The expression of his countenance was lively; his manner frank and engaging. All who knew him personally loved him, and he was the idol of his gallant brethren. His mother always addressed him as her dearly beloved, her heart's-cherished Louis. "You must come soon to me," she wrote in the last year of his life, "for I have many matters to ask

*Mookerheyde*: Heath of Mook. In the Dutch language, Mookerheyde is the synonym for the place to which no one would wish to go, and the word serves as a common malediction.

*His mother* was Juliana of Stolberg, one of the noblest women of the sixteenth century.

your advice upon ; and I thank you beforehand, for you have loved me as your mother all the days of your life ; for which may God Almighty have you in his holy keeping."

It was the doom of this high-born, true-hearted dame to be called upon to weep oftener for her children than is the usual lot of mothers. Count Adolphus had already perished in his youth on the field of Heiliger Lee, and now Louis and his young brother Henry, who had scarcely attained his twenty-sixth year, and whose short life had been passed in that faithful service to the cause of freedom which was the instinct of his race, had both found a bloody and an unknown grave.

Count John, who had already done so much for the cause, was fortunately spared to do much more. Although of the expedition, and expecting to participate in the battle, he had, at the urgent solicitation of all the leaders, left the army for a brief season, in order to obtain at Cologne a supply of money for the mutinous troops. He had started upon this mission two days before the action in which he, too, would otherwise have been sacrificed. The young Duke Christopher, "*optimæ indolis et magnæ spei adolescens*," who had perished on the same field, was sincerely mourned by the lovers of freedom. His father, the Elector, found his consolation in the Scriptures, and in the reflection that his son had died in the bed of honor, fighting for the cause of God. "'Twas better thus," said that stern Calvinist, whose dearest wish was to "Calvinize the

*An unknown grave* : See note 5.

*Count John* : See note 6.

*Optimæ . . . adolescens* : A youth of noblest genius and great hope.

world," "than to have passed his time in idleness, which is the devil's pillow."

Vague rumors of the catastrophe had spread far and wide. It was soon certain that Louis had been defeated, but, for a long time, conflicting reports were in circulation as to the fate of the leaders. The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, passed days of intense anxiety, expecting hourly to hear from his brothers, listening to dark rumors, which he refused to credit and could not contradict, and writing letters, day after day, long after the eyes which should have read the friendly missives were closed.

The victory of the King's army at Mookerheyde had been rendered comparatively barren by the mutiny which broke forth the day after the battle. Three years' pay was due to the Spanish troops, and it was not surprising that upon this occasion one of those periodic rebellions should break forth, by which the royal cause was frequently so much weakened, and the royal governors so intolerably perplexed. The mutineers, choosing an Eletto, or chief, and keeping discipline, marched to Antwerp and occupied that city and its chief fortress, the citadel. They raised an altar of chests and bales upon the public square, and celebrated mass under the open sky, solemnly swearing to be true to each other to the last. Carousing and merry-making went on at the expense of the citizens, who were exposed to nightly alarms from the boisterous mirth and ceaseless mischief-making of the soldiers.

Before the end of the month, the Broad Council, exhausted by the incubus which had afflicted them so many weeks, acceded to the demand of Requesens.

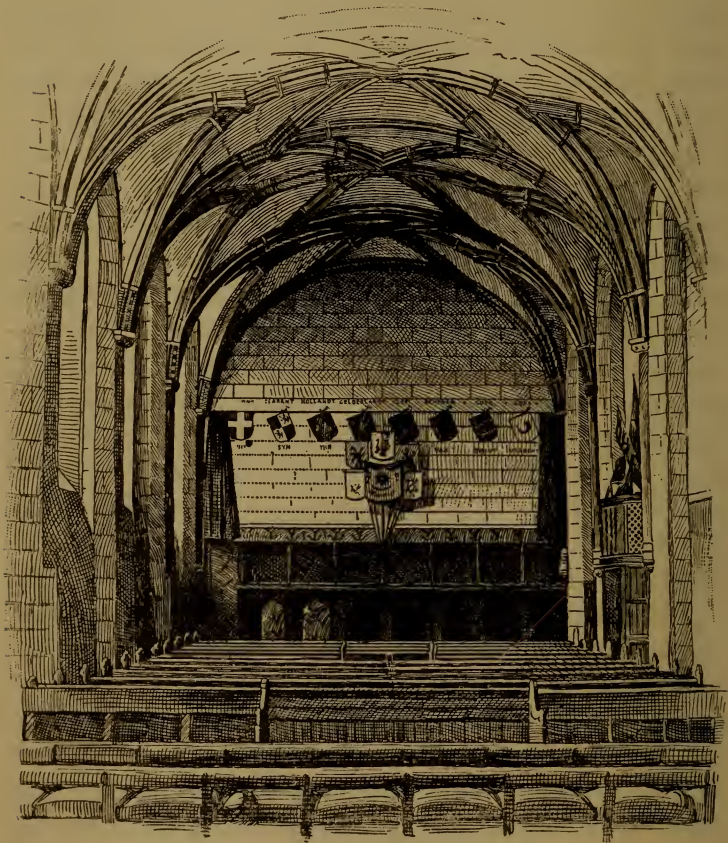
— *His brothers*: See note 8.

The four hundred thousand crowns which had been demanded were furnished, the Grand Commander accepting them as a loan, and giving in return bonds duly signed and countersigned, together with a mortgage upon all the royal domains. The citizens received the documents, as a matter of form, but they had handled such securities before, and valued them but slightly.

The mutineers now agreed to settle with the Governor-general, on condition of receiving all their wages, either in cash or cloth, together with a solemn promise of pardon for all their acts of insubordination. This pledge was formally rendered with appropriate religious ceremonies, by Requesens, in the cathedral. The payments were made directly afterward, and a great banquet was held on the same day, by the whole mass of the soldiery, to celebrate the event. The feast took place on the place of the Meer, and was a scene of furious revelry. The soldiers, more thoughtless than children, had arrayed themselves in extemporaneous costumes, cut from the cloth which they had at last received in payment of their sufferings and their blood. Broadcloths, silks, satins, and gold-embroidered brocades, worthy of a queen's wardrobe, were hung in fantastic drapery around the sinewy forms and bronzed faces of the soldiery, who, the day before, had been clothed in rags. The mirth was fast and furious; and scarce was the banquet finished before every drum-head became a gaming-table, around which gathered groups eager to sacrifice in a moment their dearly bought gold.

The fortunate or the prudent had not yet succeeded in entirely plundering their companions, when the distant booming of cannon was heard from the river. Instantly, accoutred as they were in their holiday and

fantastic costumes, the soldiers, no longer mutinous, were summoned from banquet and gaming-table, and



"THE OLD CRADLE OF LIBERTY" IN UTRECHT.

(So named by the Dutch in the 16th century.)

From a Photograph.

were ordered forth upon the dykes. The patriot Admiral Boisot, who had so recently defeated the fleet of Bergen, under the eyes of the Grand Commander, had

unexpectedly sailed up the Scheldt, determined to destroy the fleet of Antwerp, which upon that occasion had escaped. Between the forts of Lillo and Callao, he met with twenty-two vessels under the command of Vice-admiral Haemstede. After a short and sharp action, he was completely victorious. Fourteen of the enemy's ships were burned or sunk, with all their crews, and Admiral Haemstede was taken prisoner. The soldiers opened a warm fire of musketry upon Boisot from the dyke, to which he responded with his cannon. The distance of the combatants, however, made the action unimportant, and the patriots retired down the river, after achieving a complete victory. The Grand Commander was farther than ever from obtaining that foothold on the sea, which, as he had informed his sovereign, was the only means by which the Netherlands could be reduced.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SIEGE, RESCUE, AND RELIEF.

THE invasion of Louis of Nassau had, as already stated, effected the raising of the first siege of Leyden. That leaguer had lasted from the 31st of October, 1573, to the 21st of March, 1574, when the soldiers were summoned away to defend the frontier. By an extraordinary and culpable carelessness, the citizens, neglecting the advice of the Prince, had not taken advantage of the breathing time thus afforded them to victual the city and strengthen the garrison. They seemed to reckon more confidently upon the success of Count Louis than he had even done himself; for it was very probable that, in case of his defeat, the siege would be instantly resumed. This natural result was not long in following the battle of Mookerheyde.

On the 26th of May, Valdez reappeared before the place, at the head of eight thousand Walloons and Germans, and Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly toward its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which

the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the



A STREET IN LEYDEN.

squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort.

Upon an artificial elevation, in the centre of the city,

rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit trees, and overgrown in the centre with oaks, it afforded, from its mouldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

Valdez lost no time in securing himself in the possession of Maaslandsluis, Vlaardingen, and The Hague. Five hundred English, under command of Colonel Edward Chester, abandoned the fortress of Valkenburg, and fled toward Leyden. Refused admittance by the citizens, who now, with reason, distrusted them, they surrendered to Valdez, and were afterward sent back to England. In the course of a few days, Leyden was thoroughly invested, no less than sixty-two redoubts, some of them having remained undestroyed from the previous siege, now girdling the city, while the besiegers already numbered nearly eight thousand, a force to be daily increased. On the other hand, there were no troops in the town, save a small corps of "freebooters," and five companies of the burgher guard. John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyk, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished for his learn-

*Maaslandsluis*: Now Maassluis, and like Vlaardingen, on the Maas River, and passed on the way up from the sea to Rotterdam.

*Nordwyk*: On the sea, a few miles west of Leyden.

ing, his poetical genius, and his valor, had accepted the office of military commandant.

The main reliance of the city, under God, was on the stout hearts of its inhabitants within the walls, and on the sleepless energy of William the Silent without. The Prince, hastening to comfort and encourage the citizens, although he had been justly irritated by their negligence in having omitted to provide more sufficiently against the emergency while there had yet been time, now reminded them that they were not about to contend for themselves alone, but that the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all human probability, depend on the issue about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He implored them to hold out at least three months, assuring them that he would, within that time, devise the means of their deliverance. The citizens responded courageously and confidently to these missives, and assured the Prince of their firm confidence in their own fortitude and his exertions.

And truly they had a right to rely on that calm and unflinching soul, as on a rock of adamant. All alone, without a being near him to consult, his right arm struck from him by the death of Louis, with no brother left to him but the untiring and faithful John, he prepared without delay for the new task imposed upon him. France, since the defeat and death of Louis, and the busy intrigues which had followed the accession of Henry III., had but small sympathy for the Netherlands. The English government, relieved from the fear of France, was more cold and haughty than ever. An Englishman, employed by Requesens to assassinate

the Prince of Orange, had been arrested in Zealand, who impudently pretended that he had undertaken to perform the same office for Count John, with the full consent and privity of Queen Elizabeth. The provinces of Holland and Zealand were stanch and true, but the inequality of the contest between a few brave men, upon that hand's-breadth of territory, and the powerful Spanish Empire, seemed to render the issue hopeless.

Moreover, it was now thought expedient to publish the amnesty which had been so long in preparation, and this time the trap was more liberally baited. The pardon, which had passed the seals upon the 8th of March, was formally issued by the Grand Commander on the 6th of June. By the terms of this document the King invited all his erring and repentant subjects to return to his arms, and to accept a full forgiveness for their past offences, upon the sole condition that they should once more throw themselves upon the bosom of the Mother Church. There were but few exceptions to the amnesty, a small number of individuals, all mentioned by name, being alone excluded; but although these terms were ample, the act was liable to a few stern objections. It was easier now for the Hollanders to go to their graves than to mass, for the contest, in its progress, had now entirely assumed the aspect of a religious war. Instead of a limited number of heretics in a state which, although constitutional, was Catholic, there was now hardly a Papist to be found among the natives. To accept the pardon then was to concede the victory, and the Hollanders had not yet discovered that they were conquered. They were resolved, too,

*Holland and Zealand: See note 9.*

not only to be conquered, but annihilated, before the Roman Church should be reëstablished on their soil, to the entire exclusion of the Reformed worship. They responded with steadfast enthusiasm to the sentiment expressed by the Prince of Orange, after the second siege of Leyden had been commenced, "As long as there is a living man left in the country, we will contend for our liberty and our religion." The single condition of the amnesty assumed, in a phrase, what Spain had fruitlessly striven to establish by a hundred battles, and the Hollanders had not faced their enemy on land and sea for seven years to succumb to a phrase at last.

Moreover, the pardon came from the wrong direction. The malefactor gravely extended forgiveness to his victims. Although the Hollanders had not yet disembarassed their minds of the supernatural theory of government, and felt still the reverence of habit for regal divinity, they naturally considered themselves outraged by the trick now played before them. The man who had violated all his oaths, trampled upon all their constitutional liberties, burned and sacked their cities, confiscated their wealth, hanged, beheaded, burned, and buried alive their innocent brethren, now came forward, not to implore, but to offer forgiveness. Not in sackcloth, but in royal robes; not with ashes, but with a diadem upon his head, did the murderer present himself vicariously upon the scene of his crimes. It may be supposed that, even in the sixteenth century, there were many minds which would revolt at such blasphemy. Furthermore, even had the people of Holland been weak enough to accept the pardon, it was impossible to believe that the promise would be fulfilled. It was sufficiently known how much faith was likely to be kept with heretics, not-

withstanding that the act was fortified by a papal Bull, dated on the 30th of April, by which Gregory XIII. promised forgiveness to those Netherland sinners who duly repented and sought absolution for their crimes, even although they had sinned more than seven times seven.

For a moment the Prince had feared lest the pardon might produce some effect upon men wearied by interminable suffering, but the event proved him wrong. It was received with universal and absolute contempt. No man came forward to take advantage of its conditions, save one brewer in Utrecht, and the son of a refugee pedler from Leyden. With these exceptions, the only ones recorded, Holland remained deaf to the royal voice. The city of Leyden was equally cold to the messages of mercy, which were especially addressed to its population by Valdez and his agents. Certain Netherlanders, belonging to the King's party, and familiarly called "Glippers," despatched from the camp many letters to their rebellious acquaintances in the city. In these epistles the citizens of Leyden were urgently and even pathetically exhorted to submission by their loyal brethren, and were implored "to take pity upon their poor old fathers, their daughters, and their wives." But the burghers of Leyden thought that the best pity which they could show to those poor old fathers, daughters, and wives, was to keep them from the clutches of the Spanish soldiery; so they made no answer to the Glippers, save by this single line, which they wrote on a sheet of paper, and forwarded, like a letter, to Valdez :—

"Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps."

*Glippers* : Like the Tories in the American Revolution.

*Fistula . . . auceps* : The flute sounds sweetly, while the fowler snares the bird ; or, The bird-catcher plays soft notes, in order to entrap the little birds.

According to the advice early given by the Prince of Orange, the citizens had taken an account of their provisions of all kinds, including the live stock. By the end of June, the city was placed on a strict allowance of food, all the provisions being purchased by the authorities at an equitable price. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread was allotted to a full-grown man, and to the rest, a due proportion. The city being strictly



HOUSE IN LEYDEN AS IT WAS IN 1620.

invested, no communication, save by carrier pigeons, and by a few swift and skilful messengers, called "jumpers," was possible. Sorties and fierce combats were, however, of daily occurrence, and a handsome bounty was offered to any man who brought into the city gates the head of a Spaniard. The reward was paid many times, but the population was becoming so

*Jumpers:* Agile young men equipped with long poles pronged with iron, with which they were enabled to leap up over the dykes and across the canals, and thus outrun their pursuers, the Spaniards.

excited and so apt, that the authorities felt it dangerous to permit the continuance of these conflicts. Lest the city, little by little, should lose its few disciplined defenders, it was now proclaimed, by sound of church bell, that in future no man should leave the gates.

The Prince had his headquarters at Delft and at Rotterdam. Between those two cities, an important fortress, called Polderwaert, secured him in the control of the alluvial quadrangle, watered on two sides by the Yssel and the Maas. On the 29th of June, the Spaniards, feeling its value, had made an unsuccessful effort to carry this fort by storm. They had been beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men, the Prince remaining in possession of the position, from which alone he could hope to relieve Leyden. He still held in his hand the keys with which he could unlock the ocean gates and let the waters in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dykes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez could not be levied. The battle of Mookerheyde had, for the present, quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from The Hague to Vlaardingén, but the dykes along the Maas and Yssel were in possession of the Prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while, at the same time, the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delfshaven should be opened. The damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland, from destruc-

tion. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July the estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," cried the patriots, with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The enterprise for restoring their territory, for a season, to the waves, from which it had been so patiently rescued, was conducted with as much regularity as if it had been a profitable undertaking. A capital was formally subscribed, for which a certain number of bonds were issued, payable at a long date. In addition to this preliminary fund, a monthly allowance of forty-five guldens was voted by the estates, until the work should be completed, and a large sum was contributed by the ladies of the land, who freely furnished their plate, jewellery, and costly furniture to the furtherance of the scheme.

Meantime, Valdez, on the 30th of July, issued most urgent and ample offers of pardon to the citizens, if they would consent to open their gates and accept the King's authority, but his overtures were received with silent contempt, notwithstanding that the population was already approaching the starvation point. Although not yet fully informed of the active measures taken by the Prince, yet they still chose to rely upon his energy and their own fortitude, rather than upon the honied

*Better . . . land:* A very old Dutch proverb, "Better a swamped than a lost land." A polder is a drained or recovered land, as in the name of the port Polderwaert.

*Gulden:* A guilder, gulden, or florin is worth forty American, or one hundred Dutch cents, or at that time, in actual value, four times as much.

words which had formerly been heard at the gates of Haarlem and of Naarden. On the 3d of August, the Prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel, as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dykes in sixteen places. The



THE DYKES ALONG THE YSSEL CUT TO RELIEVE LEYDEN.

gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land. While waiting for the waters to rise, provisions were rapidly collected, according to an edict of the Prince, in all the principal towns of the neighborhood, and some two hundred vessels, of various sizes, had also been got ready at Rotterdam, Delfshaven, and other ports.

The citizens of Leyden were, however, already becoming impatient, for their bread was gone, and of its sub-

stitute, malt cake, they had but slender provision. On the 12th of August they received a letter from the Prince, encouraging them to resistance, and assuring them of a speedy relief, and on the 21st they addressed a despatch to him in reply, stating that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with food, and another month without food. If not soon assisted, human strength could do no more, their malt cake would last but four days, and after that was gone, there was nothing left but starvation. Upon the same day, however, they received a letter, dictated by the Prince, who now lay in bed at Rotterdam with a violent fever, assuring them that the dykes were all pierced, and that the water was rising upon the "Land-scheiding," the great outer barrier which separated the city from the sea. He said nothing however of his own illness, which would have cast a deep shadow over the joy which now broke forth among the burghers.

The letter was read publicly in the market-place, and to increase the cheerfulness, Burgomaster Van der Werff, knowing the sensibility of his countrymen to music, ordered the city musicians to perambulate the streets, playing lively melodies and martial airs. Salvos of cannon were likewise fired, and the starving city for a brief space put on the aspect of a holiday, much to the aston-

*Malt cake* : Easily made out of malted grain, which does not need to be ground. The windmills being placed on the bastions of the city walls were rendered useless by the Spanish cannon-shot.

*Land-scheiding* : Land-divider.

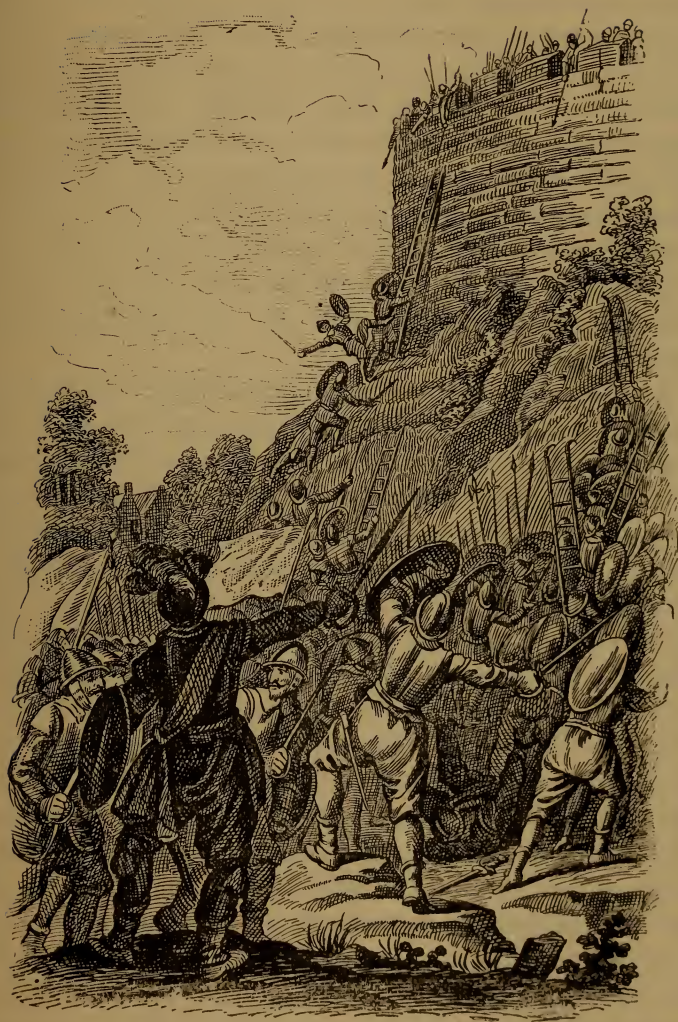
*Van der Werff* : Whose statue now adorns the public garden in Leyden.

*Music* : The Dutch Puritans kept their organs, and the Calvinists were especially fond of popular hymns.

ishment of the besieging forces, who were not yet aware of the Prince's efforts. They perceived very soon, however, as the water everywhere about Leyden had risen to the depth of ten inches, that they stood in a perilous position. It was no trifling danger to be thus attacked by the waves of the ocean, which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent. Valdez became anxious and uncomfortable at the strange aspect of affairs; for the besieging army was now in its turn beleaguered, and by a stronger power than man's. He consulted with the most experienced of his officers, with the country people, with the most distinguished among the Glippers, and derived encouragement from their views concerning the Prince's plan. They pronounced it utterly futile and hopeless. The Glippers knew the country well, and ridiculed the desperate project in unmeasured terms.

Even in the city itself, a dull distrust had succeeded to the first vivid gleam of hope, while the few royalists among the population boldly taunted their fellow-citizens to their faces with the absurd vision of relief which they had so fondly welcomed. "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars," was the frequent and taunting cry, "go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief"—and day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God or man. On the 27th they addressed a desponding letter to the estates, complaining that the city had been forgotten in its utmost need, and on the same day a prompt and warm-hearted reply was received, in which the citi-

*Beggars*: See note 10.



"THE ANCIENT TOWER OF HENGIST" IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY OF  
LEYDEN.

From an Old Dutch Print.

zens were assured that every human effort was to be made for their relief. "Rather," said the estates, "will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves, than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden, all Holland must perish also." They excused themselves for not having more frequently written, upon the ground that the whole management of the measures for their relief had been intrusted to the Prince, by whom alone all the details had been administered, and all the correspondence conducted.

The fever of the Prince had, meanwhile, reached its height. He lay at Rotterdam, utterly prostrate in body, and with mind agitated nearly to delirium by the perpetual and almost unassisted schemes which he was constructing. Relief, not only for Leyden, but for the whole country, now apparently sinking into the abyss, was the vision which he pursued as he tossed upon his restless couch. Never was illness more unseasonable. His attendants were in despair, for it was necessary that his mind should for a time be spared the agitation of business. The physicians who attended him agreed, as to his disorder, only in this, that it was the result of mental fatigue and melancholy, and could be cured only by removing all distressing and perplexing subjects from his thoughts; but all the physicians in the world could not have succeeded in turning his attention for an instant from the great cause of his country. Leyden lay, as it were, anxious and despairing at his feet, and it was impossible to close his ears to her cry. Therefore, from his sick bed he continued to dictate words of counsel and encouragement to the city; to Admiral Boisot, commanding the fleet, minute directions and precautions.

Toward the end of August a vague report had found its way into his sick chamber that Leyden had fallen, and although he refused to credit the tale, yet it served to harass his mind and to heighten fever. Cornelius Van Mierop, Receiver-general of Holland, had occasion to visit him at Rotterdam, and, strange to relate, found the house almost deserted. Penetrating, unattended, to the Prince's bed-chamber, he found him lying quite alone. Inquiring what had become of all his attendants, he was answered by the Prince, in a very feeble voice, that he had sent them all away. The Receiver-general seems, from this, to have rather hastily arrived at the conclusion that the Prince's disorder was the pest, and that his servants and friends had all deserted him from cowardice. This was very far from being the case. His private secretary and his maître d'hôtel watched, day and night, by his couch, and the best physicians of the city were in constant attendance. By a singular accident, all had been despatched on different errands, at the express desire of their master, but there had never been a suspicion that his disorder was the pest, or pestilential. Nerves of steel and a frame of adamant could alone have resisted the constant anxiety and the consuming fatigue to which he had so long been exposed. His illness had been aggravated by the rumor of Leyden's fall, a fiction which Cornelius Van Mierop was now enabled flatly to contradict. The Prince began to mend from that hour. By the end of the first week of September, he wrote a long letter to his brother, assuring him of his convalescence, and expressing, as usual, a calm confidence in the divine decrees. "God will ordain for me," said he, "all which is necessary for my good and my

*Maître d'hôtel*: Or, as we should say, "landlord."

salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the fragility of this nature can sustain."

The preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zeeland with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill, the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea-beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither King, Kaiser, nor Pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dyke, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dyke within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient

enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defences. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dykes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King; the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half foot above water, should be taken possession of, at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished, by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dyke were all despatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it, without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dyke, the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding. This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect.

The great dyke having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but, after their passage had been effected in good order, the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The Prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that, when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Green-way," another long dyke, three-quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dyke had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, levelled it in many places, and brought his flotilla, in triumph, over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Freshwater Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path, about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea, which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly toward a bridge, strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand, occupied both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a

few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.

A week had elapsed since the great dyke had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the north-west, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dyke, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly toward Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around

*North Aa:* These three places are to the southeast of Leyden, toward Rotterdam.

them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla, manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The *Ark of Delft*, an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa; the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three-quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immedi-

ate neighborhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the headquarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obsta-

*Kirk-way*: The Church-way.

cles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages ; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa ; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day, every eye



DUTCH BURGHER COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD.

was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving ; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horse-flesh, had entirely

*The vanes of the steeples : See note 11.*

disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than

the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werff with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the Church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation

is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not ; my life is at



ST. PANCRAS CHURCH.

Here Burgomaster Van der Werff stood. From a Photograph.

your disposal ; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body

to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then we will maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch,

the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed toward Zoeterwoude.

The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the



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|--------------------------------------|--|--|
| 1. CAMP OF BALDES.                   | 6. CAMP OF MARION.                                   | MANDING EAST WATER-<br>WAY.                            |
| 2. CAMP OF VAN ZICHEN.               | 7. FORT COMMANDING THE<br>WEST WATERWAY.             | 10. FORT CASSE VASSE.                                  |
| 3. CAMP OF DIALA.                    | 8. GREAT VICTORY FORT.                               | 11. THE GREAT MEERBRUGH<br>POLDER (Drained<br>Meadow). |
| 4. CAMP OF MARION.                   | 9. FORT QUAAKEL, COM-<br>MANDING EAST WATER-<br>WAY. |  |
| 5. CAMP OF KARONDILET<br>AND NESTER. |  |  |

# AROUND LEYDEN



- 12. ROAD TO ZEGWARD.
- 13. THE COURT WAY.
- 14. THE POPE'S POND.
- 15. THE POND OF NORTH AA.

- 16. MEERBURGER WATER-  
WAY.
- 17. ROOMBURGER WATER-  
' WAY.

- 18. ADMIRAL BOISOT.
- 19. THE SPANIARDS IN RE-  
TREAT.

branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through.

Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction toward The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who

neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. — “Yonder,” cried the

magistrate, stretching out his hand toward Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn.

Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen toward the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort.

*The Cow-gate*: See note 12.

After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck



THE RELIEF BOATS UNDER ADMIRAL BOISOT ENTERING LEYDEN  
THROUGH THE COW-GATE.

From an Old Dutch Print.

her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the

truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen.

Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand, coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation;—but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented.

The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children,—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and

*Bread was thrown . . . crowd:* See note 14.

heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy.

A note despatched to the Prince of Orange, was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

The next day, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his friends, who were anxious lest his life should be endangered by breathing, in his scarcely convalescent state, the air of the city where so many thousands had been dying of the pestilence, the Prince repaired to Leyden. He, at least, had never doubted his own or his country's fortitude. They could, therefore, most sincerely congratulate each other, now that the victory

had been achieved. "If we are doomed to perish," he had said a little before the commencement of the siege, "in the name of God, be it so! At any rate, we shall have the honor to have done what no nation ever did before us, that of having defended and maintained ourselves, unaided, in so small a country, against the tremendous efforts of such powerful enemies. So long as the poor inhabitants here, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will still cost the Spaniards the half of Spain, in money and in men, before they can make an end of us."

The termination of the terrible siege of Leyden was a convincing proof to the Spaniards that they had not yet made an end of the Hollanders. It furnished, also, a sufficient presumption that until they *had* made an end of them, even unto the last Hollander, there would never be an end of the struggle in which they were engaged. It was a slender consolation to the Governor-general, that his troops had been vanquished, not by the enemy, but by the ocean. An enemy whom the ocean obeyed with such docility might well be deemed invincible by man.

In the headquarters of Valdez, at Leyderdorp, many plans of Leyden and the neighborhood were found lying in confusion about the room. Upon the table was a hurried farewell of that General to the scenes of his discomfiture, written in a Latin worthy of Juan Vargas: "Vale civitas, valet castelli parvi, qui relictis estis propter aquam et non per vim inimicorum!" In his precipi-

*The termination . . . Leyden:* See note 15.

*Vale . . . inimicorum:* Farewell state, farewell little forts, who art abandoned on account of water, and not because of the power of enemies.

tate retreat before the advancing rebels, the Commander had but just found time for this elegant effusion, and for his parting instructions to Colonel Borgia that the fortress of Lammen was to be forthwith abandoned.



CITY HALL ON THE BROAD STREET, LEYDEN.—THE CHRONOGRAM.  
From a Photograph.

These having been reduced to writing, Valdez had fled so speedily as to give rise to much censure and more scandal. He was even accused of having been bribed by the Hollanders to desert his post, a tale which many repeated, and a few believed.

On the 4th of October, the day following that on which the relief of the city was effected, the wind shifted to the northeast, and again blew a tempest. It was as if the waters, having now done their work, had been rolled back to the ocean by an Omnipotent hand, for in the course of a few days, the land was bare again, and the work of reconstructing the dykes commenced.

After a brief interval of repose, Leyden had regained its former position. The Prince, with advice of the estates, had granted the city, as a reward for its sufferings, a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes, and as a further manifestation of the gratitude entertained by the people of Holland and Zealand for the heroism of the citizens, it was resolved that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls. The University of Leyden, afterward so illustrious, was thus founded in the very darkest period of the country's struggle.

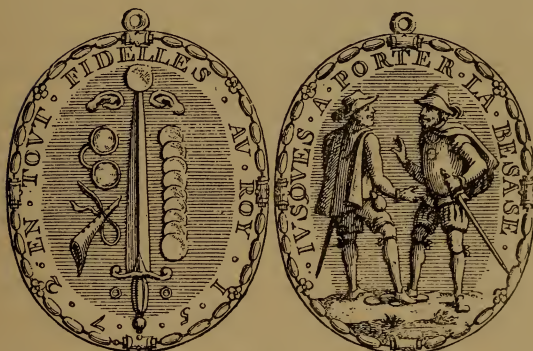
The University was endowed with a handsome revenue, principally derived from the ancient abbey of Egmont, and was provided with a number of professors, selected for their genius, learning, and piety among all the most distinguished scholars of the Netherlands. The document by which the institution was founded was certainly a masterpiece of ponderous irony, for as the fiction of the King's sovereignty was still maintained, Philip was gravely made to establish the University, as a reward to Leyden for rebellion to himself. "Considering," said this wonderful charter, "that during these present wearisome wars within our provinces of Holland and Zealand, all good instruction of youth in the sciences

*Abbey of Egmont* : See note 16.

*The fiction of the King's sovereignty* : See note 17.



Philip II, King of Spain.



In all things faithful to the King, even to the bearing of the Beggar's Pouch



"If God be with us, who can be against us?"

BEGGAR'S MEDALS.

From Old Prints.

and liberal arts is likely to come into entire oblivion. . . . *Considering the differences of religion*—considering that we are inclined to gratify *our city of Leyden, with its burghers, on account of the heavy burthens sustained by them during this war with such faithfulness*—we have resolved, after *ripely deliberating with our dear cousin, William, Prince of Orange*, stadholder, to erect a free public school and university,” etc., etc., etc. So ran the document establishing this famous academy, all needful regulations for the government and police of the institution being intrusted by Philip to his “above-mentioned dear cousin of Orange.”

The University having been founded, endowed, and supplied with its teachers, it was solemnly consecrated in the following winter, and it is agreeable to contemplate this scene of harmless pedantry, interposed, as it was, between the acts of the longest and dreariest tragedy of modern time. On the 5th of February, 1575, the city of Leyden, so lately the victim of famine and pestilence, had crowned itself with flowers. At seven in the morning, after a solemn religious celebration in the Church of St. Peter, a grand procession was formed. It was preceded by a military escort, consisting of the burgher militia and the five companies of infantry stationed in the city. Then came, drawn by four horses, a splendid triumphal chariot, on which sat a female figure, arrayed in snow-white garments. This was the Holy Gospel. She was attended by the Four Evangelists, who walked on foot at each side of her chariot. Next followed Justice, with sword and scales, mounted, blind-fold, upon a unicorn, while those learned doctors, Julian, Papinian, Ulpian, and Tribonian, rode on either side, attended by two lackeys and four men at arms. After

these came Medicine, on horseback, holding in one hand a treatise of the healing art, in the other a garland of drugs. The curative goddess rode between the four eminent physicians, Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and Theophrastus, and was attended by two footmen and four pike-bearers. Last of the allegorical personages came Minerva, prancing in complete steel, with lance in rest, and bearing her Medusa shield. Aristotle and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, all on horseback, with attendants in antique armor at their back, surrounded the daughter of Jupiter, while the city band, discoursing eloquent music from hautboy and viol, came upon the heels of the allegory. Then followed the mace-bearers and other officials, escorting the orator of the day, the newly appointed professors and doctors, the magistrates and dignitaries, and the body of the citizens generally completing the procession.

Marshalled in this order, through triumphal arches, and over a pavement strewn with flowers, the procession moved slowly up and down the different streets, and along the quiet canals of the city. As it reached the Nun's Bridge, a barge of triumph, gorgeously decorated, came floating slowly down the sluggish Rhine. Upon its deck, under a canopy enwreathed with laurels *and oranges*, and adorned with tapestry, sat Apollo, attended by the Nine Muses, all in classical costume; at the helm stood Neptune with his trident. The Muses executed some beautiful concerted pieces; Apollo twanged his lute. Having reached the landing-place, this deputation from Parnassus stepped on shore, and stood awaiting the arrival of the procession. Each professor, as he advanced, was gravely embraced and

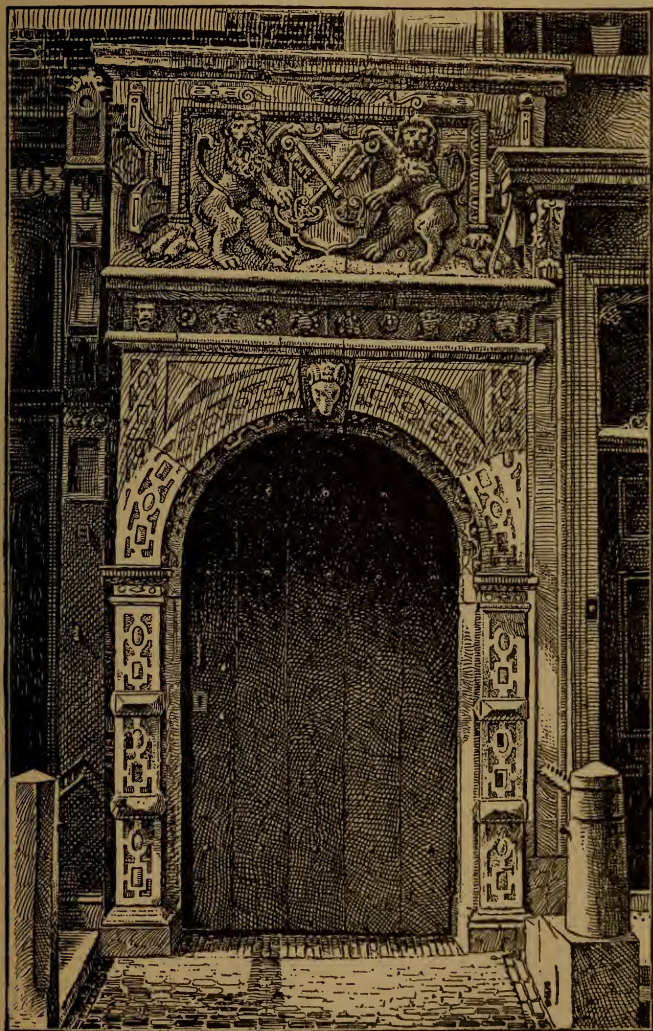
*The Nun's Bridge* : See note 18.      *The procession* : See note 19.

kissed by Apollo and all the Nine Muses in turn, who greeted their arrival besides with the recitation of an elegant Latin poem.

This classical ceremony terminated, the whole procession marched together to the cloister of St. Barbara, the place prepared for the new University, where they listened to an eloquent oration by the Rev. Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded.

*One solitary boy* : See note 13.

*The great church* : That is, St. Peter's Church, erected 1315, under which so many famous men were buried, and on the south wall of which is the great bronze tablet reared by Americans to the memory of John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers.



GATEWAY SHOWING THE ARMS OF LEYDEN. ON THE BREE STRAAT  
LEYDEN.

St. Peter and the Keys, with the Ram's Head, symbol of the city's wealth in  
wool and cloth (Leyden Arms).

From a photograph.



## NOTES.

NOTE 1. *Alva*: p. 12. Alva on coming into the Netherlands had promised to make "a stream of silver a yard deep" flow into the coffers of the King of Spain. He had levied an extra tax of "the tenth penny," or ten per cent, on things bought and sold. The Dutch were perfectly willing to pay taxes, but they wished to vote the money themselves. "No taxation without consent" was their maxim and rule. It was oppression of the purse, as well as of the conscience, that made the revolt in the Netherlands so general.

NOTE 2. *The Prince of Orange*: p. 13. "William the Silent," "Pater Patriæ" (The Father of his Country), "the Prince," "the Stadholder," were some of the names or titles by which this leader of Dutch liberty was called. Born at Dillenburg, Nassau, April 25, 1533, he became the page of Charles V., emperor, and was intrusted with many missions of importance. At eleven, by the death of his cousin, René, Prince of Orange, he had inherited his kinsman's title and estates. He was made the king's lieutenant, *stad* or place-holder, in Holland. He resisted the introduction of the Spanish inquisition, and when Alva invaded the Netherlands, he raised an army in Germany to give battle. Yet although he spent his fortune, he could not succeed in winning any victories in the field. Nevertheless, he so organized resistance to Spain, and by his faith, courage, tenacity, and personal magnetism, so encouraged the Dutch people, that they continued their war for freedom during eighty years. His life was often attempted by assassins, one of whom, Balthasar Gerard, succeeded in shooting him at Delft, July 10, 1584. He left three sons and nine daughters, and his blood runs in many of the royal families of Europe. His motto, "Je Maintiendrai" (I will maintain), is that of the Dutch nation. He was the first great champion in Europe of freedom of conscience.

NOTE 3. *Mondragon*: p. 14. "Good old Mondragon," as his soldiers called him, was one of the most famous of the Spanish colonels. Born at the beginning of the century, he lived to fight and win

battles when over ninety years old. He had been, before his death in 1596, in nearly every war in Europe of the sixteenth century. "His battlefields had been on land and water, on ice, in fire, and at the bottom of the sea," and he had been once blown up in a castle, which was knocked to ruins; but had never received a wound or lost a drop of blood. In 1573, he led three thousand brave troops from Bergen op Zoom, through water chin deep, over a slippery ridge, twelve miles, during a march of five hours, to relieve Goes, then besieged. To-day, in Spain, his descendants glory in their ancestor, "the Marquis of the Honorable Passage." His sword is set up on high as a lightning rod. His battered corselet is preserved in Vienna.

NOTE 4. *Pikemen and Musketeers*: p. 21. In the battles of this century, the pike was the chief weapon of the infantry. The pike was an ash-wood pole eighteen feet long, with a spike of iron at the end, so that a moving body of pikemen looked like a lumber yard in motion. The musketeers, or shotmen, were ranged at the sides of the square. Each carried twelve bandoliers or charges of powder in horn or wooden tubes, hung by double strings, with a bullet bag at the belt. The heavy muskets had to be supported on an iron rest. In 1670, cartridge boxes took the place of the dangling bandoliers, but the pike was not abandoned until 1703. The invention of the bayonet united the pike and the musket in one weapon.

NOTE 5. *An unknown grave*: p. 27. Professor P. J. Blok, of Leyden, has written a life of Count Louis, and largely through his efforts there was erected in 1895, in the church at Mook, a handsomely inscribed monument, in colored marbles, to the memory of Counts Louis and Adolph, whose was "the generous blood of the Nassaus."

NOTE 6. *Count John*: p. 27. Count John of Nassau, whose fine bronze monument stands in front of the new edifice of the University of Utrecht, finished in 1897, was the chief agent, after William the Silent, in bringing about the union of the seven provinces, which became the Dutch Republic, and lasted from 1579 to 1794. It is from Count John that Queen Wilhelmina is descended.

NOTE 7. *Heiliger Lee*: p. 27. The Lexington of the Dutch war of independence, in eastern Groningen, near the German frontier. In 1873, after the three hundredth anniversary of the battle fought May 23, 1568, in which Count Adolph had been slain, a handsome monument was erected at Heiliger Lee.

NOTE 8. *His brothers*: p. 28. Four of the five brothers of the house of Orange-Nassau poured out their blood in the Dutch war for freedom, and in 1594, the son of Count John of Nassau was killed in a skirmish with Colonel Mondragon's forces. At that time, ten other men of the house and many more relatives were fighting under the red, white, and blue Dutch flag.

NOTE 9. *Holland and Zeeland*: p. 36. These were but two of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, which, by marriage of the counts and princes, had passed successively under the rule of the houses of Bavaria, Burgundy, and Spain. Note the seventeen dottings on the upper left-hand quartering of the arms of William of Orange, and on the shield of Holland, or the kingdom of the Netherlands at the present day.

NOTE 10. *Beggars*: p. 44, and p. 71. The name given to and accepted by the patriots. First applied to the nobles, who, headed by Brederode, handed a petition to the Regent in Brussels in 1566, and taken up at their banquet the same night. On land and sea, the men who fought under the red, white, and blue flag wore in gold, silver, or lead a medal having stamped on it the image of the King, and the figure of a pouch used to hold cold victuals, with the motto, "Faithful to the King, even to the bearing of the beggar's pouch." After 1581, and the Dutch Declaration of Independence, these medals disappeared from the breasts of the various "Wild," "Water," "Mud," or other Dutch "Beggars," who were then citizens, and no longer subjects.

NOTE 11. *The vanes of the steeples*: p. 54. In the Netherlands and in the cities of the middle states in America settled by the Dutch, the cock of St. Nicholas ("Santa Claus," as we say, after the Dutch Sint Niklaas) is the favorite form of the vane on the church spire, the monitor of vigilance to St. Peter (the patron saint of Leyden, the arms of which are the crossed keys held by a lion), and the emblem of the resurrection.

NOTE 12. *The Cow-gate*: p. 64. One of the seven gateways, on the south side of the city, toward the rescuing fleet, not far from the Vliet. It was somewhat over a hundred rods from St. Peter's Church and the Veiled Nun's Cloister, which became the University building, and Clock Alley, in which was the pilgrim settlement from 1612 to 1625.

NOTE 13. *One solitary boy*: p. 64. Gisbert Cornelissen, whose

name is engraved on the Spanish cooking-pot, and is No. 2589 among the curiosities and relics in the Leyden Municipal Museum.

NOTE 14. *Bread was thrown*: p. 66. Especially at the Cow-gate, where the boats entered. To-day the visitor in Leyden can easily find the place. It is where, along the Zoeterwoude Way, one enters from the south by boat on the Vliet, or by land over the Doeza bridge into Doeza Street. To the left is Boisot kadé, or the quay named after the rescuer Admiral Boisot, fronting which is the new archives building, in which are the city records that tell so much about the Pilgrim Fathers.

NOTE 15. *The termination of the siege*: p. 68. This second siege of 1574 lasted one hundred and thirty-one days. On the City Hall front is a chronogram of one hundred and thirty-one letters, in curious old Dutch, in which capital C's and W's and I's are numerals. This reads, when translated literally, "When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again, as much as we could wish."

NOTE 16. *The abbey of Egmont*: p. 70. This ancient abbey of Egmont, near Alkmaar in North Holland, was the most famous in the northern Netherlands. In the abbey church, now in ruins, many of the ancient counts of Holland were buried, and in the cloisters were written the annals on which the history of Holland is based.

NOTE 17. *The fiction of the King's sovereignty*: p. 70. A similar fiction of law was kept up by the English Parliament which issued commissions in the name of King Charles I., even while fighting him. So, until July 4, 1776, were many of the documents of the Continental Congress in the name of King George III. The fiction of the sovereignty of the King of Spain over the Netherlands was kept up until July, 1591, when the act of abjuration was passed, making the Dutch states free and independent.

NOTE 18. *The Nui's Bridge*: p. 73. Where Clock Alley meets the Rapenburg, and at which, in 1620, the first settlers of Massachusetts gathered to begin their journey by water to America.

NOTE 19. *The procession*: p. 73. To this day these costume-processions are in great favor with the Dutch. The University students frequently celebrate some event of renown by donning historic garb, and with more or less of allegorical representation, reproduce the splendor of the past. I have witnessed several of these.







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